Wife. Good my husband.

Huſ. Doſt thou preuent me ſtill?

Wife. Oh God!

Stabs at the childe in her armes, & gets it from her.

Huſ. Haue at his heart.

Wife. Oh my deare boy!

Huſ. Brat, thou ſhalt not liue to ſhame thy houſe.

Wife. Oh heauen. *She is hurt and ſinks downe.*

Huſ. And periſh, now be gone,
Ther's whores enow, and want would make thee one.

Enter a lusty ſeruant.

Ser. Oh ſir, what deeds are theſe?

Huſ. Baſe ſlaue, my vaſſaile,
Com'ſt thou betweene my fury to queſtion me?

Ser. Were you the diuell, I would hold you ſir.

Huſ. Hold me? preſumption, Ile vndo thee for it.

Ser. Sbloud, you haue vndone vs all ſir.

Huſ. Tug at thy Maſter?

Ser. Tug at a monſter.

Huſ. Haue I no power, ſhall my ſlaue fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the diuell wraſtles, I am throwne.

Husband ouercomes him.

Huſ. Oh villaine, now Ile tug thee, now Ile teare thee, ſet quicke ſpurs to my vaſſaile, bruize him, trample him; ſo, I thinke thou wilt not follow me in haſte. My horſe ſtands ready ſadled, away, away, Now to my brat at nurſe, my ſucking begger; Fates, Ile not leaue you one to trample one.

The Maſter meetes him.

Mr. How iſt with you ſir, me-thinks you looke of a diſtracted colour.

Huſ. Who I ſir, tis but your fancy,
Pleaſe you walke in ſir, and Ile ſoone reſolue you,
I want one ſmall part to make vp the ſum,
And then my brother ſhall reſt ſatisfied.

Mr. I ſhall be glad to ſee it, ſir Ile attend you.

Exeunt.

Ser. Oh, I am ſcarſe able to heaue vp my ſelfe,
He has ſo bruizd me with his diuelliſh waight,
And torne my fleſh with his bloud-haſty ſpur,
A man before of eaſie conſtitution,
Till now hels power ſupplied; to his ſoules wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weake men ſtrong.

Enter Maſter and two ſeruants.

Ser. Oh the moſt pittious deed ſir ſince you came.

Mr. A deadly greeting; hath he ſumd vp theſe
To ſatisfie his brother? heere's another,
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons, ſhe recouers life,
One of his men all faint and bloudied.

1. *Ser.* Follow, our murderous Maſter has tooke
Horſe to kill his childe at nurſe, oh follow quickly.

Mr. I am the readieſt, it ſhall be my charge
To raiſe the Towne vpon him.

Exit Maſter and ſeruants.

1. *Ser.* Good ſir follow him.